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LINDEN BARK

Vol. 10.—No. 28.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, May 24, 1932

PRICE 5 CENTS

The Way of Old Pekin

Spring Pageant to be a Chinese Fantasy.

"The Way of Old Pekin", a Chinese fantasmagoria, under the direction of Miss Margaret Stookey and Miss Reichert, will be presented by the department of physical education in June 4th at two-thirty. Rose Kelle, Madeline Johnson, Helen Everett and Helen Reith are assisting in the direction. Pianists are Dorothy Hamacher, Lucille Housenbuilder, Doris Oxley, Saraetta Hadaway, and Emma Jo Swaney. The story was transcribed by Dorothy Peterson. All the costumes and properties were created and executed by Miss Stookey's class in theatrical costuming.

The cast of characters is as follows: Guest Artist Frances Ethelyn Pedler Husan Tung, Emperor Jane Warner Tzu Hsi, Empress Alice Denton Aiyeme, oldest Princess Dorothy Hope Miller

Der Ling, youngest Princess Harriette Anne Gray Roun Ling, another sister Virginia Sterling Li Ling, still another sister Bessie Roddie Gnai Bong Ping, Exalted General Helen Everett Ch'ing, Prince from an adjoining Province Gilda Ashby Javanese Princess Harriette Anne Gray

The story follows:

The great war lord and mighty emperor, Husan Tung, and his worthy Queen betrothed the eldest of their four young daughters to the great general, Gnai Bong Ping. At the betrothal feast, as a pledge of their eternal faith, the lovers exchanged large red cards, and the Empress placed upon her daughter's head the ancestral headdress, the symbol of the betrothal which was not to be removed until the wedding day. About his daughter's throat the Emperor fastened an exquisite jade necklace, the token of the venerable house of many years, and to each of his three other daughters he gave a jade necklace like unto her sister's, which was to be worn forever as sign of her imperial blood. Great was the rejoicing and far were heard the gongs of joy. But woe befell the evil day, for the youngest flower, the fair Lily, Princess Der Ling was stolen away, and grief descended upon the house of Husan Tung, the Emperor of China. To the eldest princess was lost both sister and lover, for upon the next day on a long and perilous mission to far-off India was sent her betrothed.

Many years passed and the youngest princess was never found, nor did the General return from his dangerous quest. At length the betrothed maiden neared her sixteenth year, and her honorable mother pressed her to marry the general who had succeeded her lover. The unhappy princess pleaded for one more day in which to pray to the mighty gods in the temple

(Continued on page 7, Col. 2)

Commencement Near

Plans Made For Baccalaureate And Graduation.

Dr. Russell Paynter of the Memorial Presbyterian Church of St. Louis will deliver the baccalaureate address to the graduating class of 1932. Dr. Paynter has been in St. Louis only a few years, having come there from Philadelphia. The service will be held in Roemer Auditorium at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, June 5. The Lindenwood Choir, under the direction of Miss Gieselman, will present a special musical program.

Commencement exercises will be Monday morning, June 6, at 10 o'clock. Dr. John W. MacIvor of the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis and president of the Lindenwood Board of Directors, will give the commencement address. Dr. Roemer will confer degrees on members of the graduating class and present certificates to the students having completed certificate work in the various departments. Forty-three degrees and thirty-three certificates will be awarded.

"The Ivory Door"

Commencement Play Will be a Fantasy by A. A. Milne.

Alpha Psi Omega under the direction of Miss Cracraft will present the commencement play Saturday evening, June 4, in Roemer Auditorium, at eight o'clock. The play selected is "The Ivory Door" by A. A. Milne. This play may be called a fantasy and calls for a complicated stage with raised platforms and clever lighting effects. The costumes to be used will come from a costuming house in St. Louis.

The cast is as follows: King Hilary, Kathryn Wilkins; Prince Perivale, Maude Dorsett; Brand, Dorothy Holcomb; King Perivale, the male lead, will be taken by Gladys Crutchfield; Anna, Lucille Miller; Thora, Dorothy Winter; The Chancellor, Anna Marie Balsiger; Jessica, Billie Sherman; Anton, Mary Jo Davis; Old Beppo, Margaret Ethel Moore; Simeon, Eleanor Foster; Count Rollo, Marjorie Wyckoff; The Mummer, Sue Taylor; Titus, Soldier of the Guard, Kathryn Williams; Carlo, soldier of the Guard, Virginia Sterling; Bruno, Captain of the Guard, Elizabeth Middlebrooks; and the female lead, Princess Lilia, will be taken by Ruth Martin.

Rev. Mr. Inglis Speaks On Quest For The Best

On Sunday evening, May 15, the Rev. John E. Inglis of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church spoke at the Vesper Services. "People used to devote a lifetime searching for the perfect pearl," said Mr. Inglis. He went on to say that after finding this perfect jewel, the person would pay all of his worldly possessions for it. Today people are still in a quest for the best in life, but it is difficult to define "the best in life." Mr. Inglis pointed out that by defining a

Lindenwood Has Her Day! At Church as well as School

Members of the church and Lindenwood partook in the program.

"May Lindenwood Day become a tradition with the school and the church," Rev. R. S. Kenaston said in an introductory talk at the Fifth Street Methodist Church Sunday morning, May 15. Lindenwood had charge almost entirely of the service, and it was unusually impressive and lovely. Each member of the church and each Lindenwood girl enjoyed the program to the utmost. Baskets of flowers decorated the altar rail and the whole front of the church.

Mary Louise Burch played an organ prelude as the congregation was being seated, and the vested choir, each member of which wore a tea rose which had been given her by the church, sang "Holy, Holy, Holy" as its processional hymn. Following an introductory talk by Rev. Mr. Kenaston, Dr. Case, of Lindenwood's Bible department, led in prayer. With Alice Denton as soloist, the choir rendered "Ave Maria" as beautifully as it has ever been sung. While the offering was being taken Kathryn Eggen played a violin solo.

Rev. Kenaston expressed his appreciation of the choir's work and of the attendance of Lindenwood at that and all Sunday services, and then introduced Dr. Roemer, who preached the sermon. The subject matter concerned getting the best from life.

"Americans," Dr. Roemer said, "are known for bigness. Everything they do is done in a big way, but that is not the main thing in life." He continued, saying that it has been truthfully said that contentment is the greatest thing in life. We must not allow ourselves to be so content with our conditions, however, that we stop trying to improve them, but must stop worrying and criticizing, and try to do our best at all times. "It gives an inward satisfaction," Dr. Roemer said, "to know that what we are doing is our very best. And it is our obligation to ourselves to do it. . . . The best is not to be found in worldly, but in heavenly values. . . . You do not have to wait for death to show you the Kingdom of Heaven, for it is within each of you. The Kingdom of Heaven is a luxury. A luxury, you know, is something which is not necessary for existence but which beautifies it—the Kingdom of Heaven beautifies life and makes it more lovely."

thing, a wall is often built around it, restricting it to such certain proportions and allowing no room for personal interpretations. Jesus did not belittle or restrict things by defining them in detail.

Rev. Inglis gave three main points to be kept in mind during the quest for the best. The first of these was Hope which can keep one's mind always fixed toward the best. The next was the capacity for work, and the last was the ability to lose oneself in one's work.

Junior-Senior Prom In Charming Garden

Southern Hospitality Shown Guests by Juniors.

All the Juniors and Seniors have acquired a southern accent! In the midst of profuse jasmine and wisteria, with the stately and dignified columns of an old Southern mansion porch looming in the background, the sweet strains of orchestral music rounded out the atmosphere of a perfect June night on an ancestral plantation of the south. The white palings of an intriguingly constructed fence lured the guests away from the dance floor, infested with "so many" other people, to wander among the Linden trees that gave this particular plantation the delightful name of "Lindenwood."

Such a charming hostess! Elizabeth England filled the role of "Lady of the House" so very aptly, and dressed as she was in a pale peach and net combination with delicate wool embroidery she fitted into the picture as if she had been painted there. No less regal, and with that particular charm that is all her own, Lois McKeehan, the guest of honor as representative of the Senior class, was unusually attractive. A creamy shade of ivory made on Grecian lines emphasized the royalty of her bearing and with dignified grace she responded to the hospitality of the "Class of '33"—although some of the Seniors suspected her of a slight abstraction.

On a table in the far end of the charming garden, punch and tea-cakes were served throughout the evening, and due to the unexpected warmth of a summer night this refreshment was well placed.

Near the porch, in a nook particularly prepared for them with easy chairs and close proximity to the orchestra, were the chaperones of the evening,—Dr. and Mrs. Roemer, as always, the charming guests; Dr. Gipson, with her ever attractive smile an addition to any gathering; Dr. Gregg, sponsor of the Junior class, and particularly attractive in flowing blue chiffon; Miss Mary McKenzie Gordon, sponsor of the Senior class, her brunette beauty set off aptly with soft pink lace.

The Senior guests were in an unusually good humor, modified as they were by lovely gifts that had been presented to them earlier in the day by the Juniors; the stately surroundings gave everyone a mode of very becoming dignity, and the hospitality of the hosts was so effusive as to lend an air of informality that contributed to the success of the biggest and best prom at which Lindenwood has ever been fortunate enough to be a witness.

Y. W. C. A. Sing-Song

Station Y. W. C. A. broadcasted a sing-song from Sibley steps last Wednesday night. A large number of students brought "their voices" and their ukules and sent forth an excellent program on the air. A specialty number, "Always," was sung at the request of the housemothers.

Linden Bark

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Frances Kayser, '32

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Lois Graham, '34	Pearl Haritt, '32
Gladys Crutchfield, '32	Lois McKeenhan, '32
Martha Duffy, '33	Lillian Nitcher, '33
Elizabeth French, '32	Evelyn Polski, '34
Sarah Louise Greer, '34	Mary Norman Rinehart, '32
Dorothy Hamacher, '34	Marie Schmutzler, '32
Marietta Hansen, '34	Roslyn Weil, '34

TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1932.

Linden Bark:

"Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire.
Woods and groves are of thy dressing.
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

John Milton

Commencement As An Alpha And Omega

Webster defines commencement as "the day when, or the ceremonies at which, degrees are conferred by colleges and universities upon students and others. The act, fact, or time of commencing or beginning". Here we have two almost opposite definitions of one word. The bestowing of degrees on students and others means the end of our college life—the end of four years striving for the finally attained goal. And yet, Webster again noted, we find that commencement also means the beginning. And it is the beginning of a new era of work along chosen fields, in new environments where we are at liberty to make or mar our future life.

Commencement brings us such a host of memories from the past and also tempts us to look into the future as far as possible. Ask any Senior just why she dislikes talking about the little time left—after four years together comes the realization that friends must be left for, we wonder, how long? Our last days as college students are swiftly passing, and we know now that it has all been worthwhile and great fun. First green Freshmen, next snooty Sophomores, then stately Juniors, and now dignified Seniors—with graduation time bringing that host of remembrances from each year spent here. What will next year bring? Where will we all be? And, most of all, will we ever all be united again? Let us hope that surely four years of comradeship will not end with diplomas but that the future holds the promise of our seeing each other again.

Trim and Neat—Thus Hard To Beat

The French have a way of inventing admirable, subtle words that give one a universe in a nutshell, and one that can't be precisely defined. Soigne—the sure taste, attention to detail, well-groomed is perhaps our closest approximation to it—is something every person should heed. No one likes to see slovenliness in women. A girl who is clean and tidy as to appearance is inevitably thorough and careful about her work, whether it be office, house or any field which women pursue. Employers have a knowledge of this fact, so as a prospective employee, the good old French word should head the list of working commandments.

Many successful and efficient business women can be named and without exception, everyone possesses a delightful personal appearance. Nelly Donn, a well known personage on the Lindenwood campus, is a delightful example of this. She is rapidly climbing the ladder to success with ultimate victory. One reason for her progress is her extensive knowledge of the utilization of fashion.

A stupendous income is not necessarily the source of a well-dressed woman. In fact, many a person's appearance has been a failure due to an overabundance of dollars and a meager possession of taste. Imagine a secretary entering her employer's office wearing flowing chiffon and picture hat. It seems preposterous, and such an impossible person would soon pass into oblivion. A well-dressed person always has her costumes in accordance with the occasion at hand.

Instead of needing an incentive for dressing carefully, dress should become a habit. Especially for those who expect to enter the professional world. Every day new contacts and experiences will occur, and a well-dressed woman will be fortified to meet them.

Girls who expect to be at the head of others, as teachers, should remember that dress and appearance play an important part, psychologically, in the response derived from pupils. An untidy person never can acquire respect from anyone. A pet slogan such as, "From the top of my head to the tip of my toes, I'll be careful of my appearance wherever I go," would be a benefit to all who adopted it.

Thanks To Whom Thanks Are Due

Now that this is the last issue of the Linden Bark, we feel that it is the proper time to thank all those who have given us any form of criticism, whether good or bad. Of course, we enjoyed the good criticism, and although we weren't so elated over the adverse judgment, we appreciated it because it helped us in constructing your paper as you wanted it.

A newspaper is closely related to the community. It is for the readers, so that those who contribute to its make up have one eye on the public, the other on the pen, as it were. When winter weather came, you wanted to read about fur coats, and when winter dragged on we knew you'd like to think about spring even if you couldn't be enjoying it, so we wrote of spring hats

Student Diploma Recital

Real Talent Shown in Musical Program.

As the music recitals of the spring are drawing to a close it is interesting to reflect on the very high standard of all the programs. It would be difficult to put them on a comparative basis except to say that they have all been splendid and a representation of unusually fine talent in our music department.

Jane Thomas and Albertina Flach gave their piano diploma recital Tuesday, May 17, at 4:30 o'clock in Roemer Auditorium and it was a significant success. The numbers were well-chosen and several had been heard on previous recitals, making them more interesting because of the previous renditions.

Jane opened the program with a classical group consisting of Bach's "Prelude and Fugue, E flat Major," and Beethoven's "Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3, E flat Major." The first was in characteristic Bach style and was played with nice technique. The Allegro movement of the Beethoven sonata was fast moving and melodious, and possessed a splendid tonal quality.

Albertina's first group was very similar to Jane's, except that she played the "Prelude and Fugue, D Major" from Bach and the Allegro con brio movement from Beethoven's "Sonata, Op. 2, No. 3, C Major." Both of these numbers were played with fine balance and control, and a pleasing interpretation.

Jane's second group was begun with "Nocturne, Op. 55, No. 1" by Chopin, in which her interpretation was most admirable. The lovely melody of this composition was brought out by a delicate and understanding touch and the number seemed to be especially enjoyed by the audience. Following was Debussy's "En Bateau" in which the vaporous and delicate performance was relevant to true Debussy music. A composition of E. Satie, "Gnossienne, No. 1" followed this, and although it was short it proved very effective with its slightly different melody. The group was concluded with "Wiener Tauze, No. 2" by Friedman-Gartner. This was a melodious and flexible composition in which there was very good tone quality, and technical ability, displayed by a sympathetic interpretation.

Albertina's last group opened with the delightful "Barcarole, Op. 27, No. 1" by Moszkowski, in which the lovely, graceful rhythm, and swinging melody combined to make a very outstanding and enjoyable selection. This was followed by "Reflets dans L'eau" by Debussy, which proved to be a splendid interpretation of Debussy's exquisite tone textures, and the possessor of iridescent charm. L. L. Loth's "Valse Brillante" concluded the program in a brilliant fashion. In this Albertina showed unusual flexibility, lovely tone quality, and spontaneity.

and green leaves. The write-ups of various lectures probably helped you fix up your notebooks or study for exams. The literary supplement was for the aid of the struggling young writer as well as for those who enjoyed reading the efforts "Belinda" was to help you solve your serious problems, and the "Who's Who", to give your brain a little exercise at 1 o'clock on Tuesday. "On the Campus" was to draw your attention to things that happened without your knowledge or while you were having spring fever. These and the other many attractions of the paper were written for you and we hope you liked them.

We wish to thank you for your cooperation which has helped to make this paper one of the best of its kind. Because you cooperated with us and stood behind us, our best efforts went toward the production of the Linden Bark this year. You cooperated by letting us know what you wanted and by enjoying it after it was in print.

The work of publishing the Linden Bark will be continued next year, and although we feel that this year's record will be hard to beat, we know that next year the Bark will carry on the work with the highest possible degree of success, and with your cooperation and criticism, the editors will produce the kind of paper that you want. Thank you!

Senior Violin Recital

The only Senior degree recital of the year was given Friday night at eight o'clock in Roemer Auditorium, by Willa Waters, accompanied by Doris Oxley. This recital was indeed a climax to the splendid musical programs of the year, for Willa played in a most masterly fashion a very difficult program, in which she showed splendid technical ability as well as artistic interpretation throughout.

She opened her program with the difficult "Pastorale" by Tartini-Respighi. The first movement, "Grave," was a slow, serious number with numerous double-steps that showed perfect intonation. Her poise and perfectly controlled playing were notable. The "Allegro" movement was faster and heavier with a marked rhythm and accented double-steps. Willa used heavy bowing in this that proved very effective. The last movement, the "Largo" had sustained notes that were lovely, and the delicacy and feeling with the unusual technical requirements made the number intensely interesting and rich in tonal quality.

The second group opened with the Bach-Silotti "Adagio" in a classical style. The minor melody was slow and the exquisite tones struck a note of sadness and melancholy. This was followed by the "Allegro appassionato" movement of the Mendelssohn "Concerto, E Minor," a contrasting number with its technical and happy mood displayed in vivid melodious tones and clear runs. The cadenza of this composition was very brilliant and ended in a most rhythmical arpeggio effect. This group seemed especially popular with the audience.

The last group opened with two Spanish numbers that Willa had previously played over the KMOX broadcasts of Lindenwood musical talent. The first one was Serrano-Persinger's "Spanish Song," which opened with several plucked notes followed by a slow, rhythmical and plaintive melody that was interpreted masterfully. The other was "Serenade Espagnole" by Glazouloff-Kreislerin with a contrasting gay humour, and swinging melody that seemed like a dance. Willa's delightful smooth tones and accented notes were lovely in this number. The next number was "Pavane (Pour une Infante defunte)" by Ravel-Engel. This was played in a singing style in a minor mood in which the modern harmony was very delicate and Willa's touch exquisite. The program was concluded with Grieg-Hartmann's "Hobgoblin," a most clever and delightful composition. The harmonies were characteristic and the unusual technique brought out all the little eccentric features. The use of a bouncing bow was very well controlled and added color to the number.

Willa was most efficiently accompanied by Doris Oxley who at all times sympathetically followed her.

SIGMA TAU DELTA FRESHMAN MEDAL CONTEST

THREE MEDALS AWARDED

GOLD MEDAL

CORN LADIES

By Dorothy Petersen

The child and the cat were playing in the cornfield in the north pasture. Susan Jane liked to play here. There was a pretty brook the other way from the house, and you could get there by climbing just two fences; it was shaded by lots and lots of trees and it was fun to play with the stones in the water. But she still liked the big bare hill, where the corn had been planted that summer, better. That was because she had a secret about the hill. No one but she and Tony knew it. Tony was her cat and had been most everywhere with her. He liked the cornfield, too, as well as any place he had gone with Susan Jane. Their secret was about the big corn shocks. Now that all the tall waving green corn was brown and dry, the farmers had come and piled it in big peaks, that were spread broad around the bottom, just like an old-fashioned lady's full skirts. And when the wind blew on the hill the shocks waved their arms in the breeze in the most graceful fashion Susan had ever seen—even lovelier than the dancer at Paris, that she had gone to see with her nurse when just a little girl. And not only could the corn shocks dance and bend and nod their heads, but they had talked to her. Yes, really talked to her. They rustled, and whispered, and chattered about very interesting things. They would bend their heads together and whisper among themselves down the long lines on the big hill. The first day Susan Jane had come, she had been quite frightened. For no one had ever told her that corn shocks could talk. She had heard someone whisper rather breathlessly, "—ss,—ss, what's your name?" At first she thought it was the boy who lived on the next farm, but she looked around and there was no one there. Then she heard it again, and it was like the rustle of the wind through trees. She knew then that it was the corn shock. Even though she was very surprised, she didn't forget her manners, so she told the corn shock that she had come to stay at her aunt's farm with her governess and Tony, while her mother went back to Europe. The corn shock nodded and, as a breeze sprang up, all of them waved and whispered among themselves. Susan Jane felt embarrassed and thought that they were talking of her, but they seemed friendly so she sat down at the foot of one and told them about the little girl at the hotel at Cannes who had the funny dog, and about the old lady at Biarritz who spoke so sharply to Susan's mother about "dragging children over the country". Susan had never heard of a child who was dragged, but she had seen a picture of a man, dragged by horses. Almost every day now she came and talked to the corn ladies. Of course, she knew that they weren't really ladies and that they really didn't wear the lovely colored dresses that she pretended rustled with such a soft silken sound, but it was nice to play so, and they grew to be very dear friends. Susan had been rather lonesome since Nancy had gone away. Nancy was her mother, but Susan Jane had always called her Nancy, just as everyone else did. The little boy on the next farm thought that was awfully strange, for he had al-

ways called his mother "Mama".

From the brown field Susan could see the road down which Nancy had gone on her way to New York. There she was going to get on a boat like the one on which Susan had come back to America. She hoped that Nancy would come back soon. The people at the farm were very nice, but they weren't like one's own mother. Even though Nancy was always awfully busy, and was always going some place else just when one had made the nicest friends at one hotel, she was a good friend. Susan curled up in the lap of a corn lady and told her about how tired she had been sometimes, and how Tony and she would talk about asking Nancy to wait awhile before they went to another place. Tony was curled up in her lap now, and was purring so hard it tickled her. The sun was going down, too, and she had better be starting back. She stood up and shook her dress. Tony had had to jump down and was looking as if his dignity had been hurt. She knew what dignity was, for at one of the hotels there was a very serious man whom everyone had said had dignity. Now she must say good-night to the corn ladies who were standing in their long rows smiling at her. She liked them best of all at this time of day. Then their dresses were truly red gold, and glistened like the finest of silks. All together they swayed as to music and seemed to move over a shining floor. Together they bowed their slender waists and whispered with soft echoes "—ssh,—ssh, good-night."

One morning very early Susan Jane and Tony went to the field. When the ladies saw them coming they said, "Yes-s, yes-s, what a pretty dress." She thanked them and she and Tony ran in and out among the great tall friends. Tony was chasing her. He would hide behind a lady and as she skipped past he'd jump at her. Up and down, in and out, from row to row she danced. And to all she asked the same question, "Will Nancy come soon?" And nodding, they answered, "Soon, soon, she will come soon." Susan was having such fun that she didn't see that the wind was blowing stronger and that the ladies were talking louder and louder. But now she saw that the skies were dark, and that clouds were piling up thick. She could hear the corn ladies whisper and shake, "—sst,—sst. Better hurry—Storm. —sst,—sst."

So she quickly called Tony, but he wasn't near. She called and called, but he thought she was still playing and wouldn't come out from the corn lady's skirts. And then the rain started. It came in great bursts and swept over the field like the wind itself. It beat on the corn ladies and pounded the brown ground. The ladies no longer waved their arms gracefully, but tossed them with wild gestures and huddled away from the lashing wind. Susan was already as wet as the corn ladies. She started to run, stumbling in the muddy furrows, stumbling in the muddy furrows. When Tony saw her go he ran after her, mewing with a weak cry. Susan picked him up and thought how much nicer he felt when he was dry and fluffy. She was cold and shaking, and Tony was too, and she hoped that she would get to the house soon. There was one more fence to climb and she had to put Tony down. He stood by a fence post, huddled up, shivering, and crying pleadingly. It took a long

time to get to the house, but it was very nice to be bundled up in warm comforts and then put to bed.

Susan Jane was sick. They had kept her in bed since the day of the storm. It hurt her to breathe, and she was awfully tired. And she had a new nurse who wouldn't let Tony come in to see her. She couldn't go see if the corn ladies were still there and she couldn't talk to them and ask them about Nancy. For Nancy still hadn't come back, and she wanted to see her. She wished they wouldn't give her such bad medicine and would just let her sleep.

And then one day Susan Jane thought she was out on the big hill again, and she was saying good-bye to the corn ladies. Once again they were waving good-night, only this time they didn't smile. And she didn't start back for the house this time. She was going on down the hill on the other side into a valley she had never seen before. It was a very beautiful place, and she was glad she had found it. She was walking down the slope among the beautiful green trees. All among them were lovely flowers, just the right sort to make crowns for the ladies in the corn fields. But somehow she didn't have time to stop just then. It didn't hurt her to breathe now and she felt so light and skippy. She hadn't felt so good since the last morning she had danced with the corn ladies. She went on down the smooth path. Everything about her was green and blooming. The grass along the path was smooth and velvety, and she knew how cool it would be to lie upon it. She and Tony would come play here under the tall arch of trees and she would pick bouquets for the corn ladies in the great brown field. Then for the first time she noticed that Tony wasn't with her. She called to him but he didn't come. She was afraid he might have lost him, but she still went on down the path. And then the way turned and she saw that there was a little stream—this one was much, much clearer than the other one on the farm, and the water bubbled down little ledges and through pretty rocks with a funny laughing sound. Over the brook there was a little bridge of rough wood, humped in the middle like pictures she'd seen. Pale green drooping trees met over the banks of the stream and formed a canopy over the bridge. Susan knew it would be fun to walk across the bridge through the long arch that was just like the long tents up to the door at weddings. Then across the bridge she saw a little dog. He looked just like a little dog she had had once, but hers had died. It was awfully queer that this should look so much like Tige. She was going to cross the bridge and call the puppy, but then she seemed to hear Tony mewing. So she turned and ran back along the path. When she reached the foot of the hill she could see Tony at the top looking very sad and lost and crying with a tiny sound. And what was even a stranger, she seemed to hear the corn ladies whispering and calling, "—ssh,—ssh, she has come, she has come." Surely enough she could see them all bowing at the top of the hill, waving and calling. Perhaps they meant Nancy had come. She would go back now and see. Somehow she knew it would be hard to go back up to the field. The field seemed to be much steeper. The path wasn't smooth now, and she had to climb very hard. Sometimes she would sit down and rest and think of going back, but then she heard Tony and the corn ladies, and decided she had best go on. It hurt her to breathe

now, and she could hardly walk. The path was so steep, and it would have been so easy to slip back down onto the cool green grass. She was almost at the top and the ladies were holding out their arms to her and Tony was running around between them, but she couldn't breathe any more and her legs just wouldn't hold her. And then it seemed to her that the corn ladies all reached down with slender arms and picked her up and put her in the field, all the while whispering, oh, so happily, "She has come,—ss, she has come."

Surely enough, when Susan looked about her, Nancy was there. But it was very strange, for she was in her bed and Nancy and the nurse and the doctor were all standing by her. But it really didn't matter, for Nancy had put her arms around her and told her that she'd never go again. Susan Jane knew she was very happy and that she could sleep now that Nancy's arm was around her, even though it did hurt her neck a little tiny bit. And as she sank into slumber, she remembered that she must go the next morning and thank the corn ladies for helpink her at the top of the hill.

SILVER MEDAL

FARM SCENES

By Margaret Walker

Loading Hay

The sun boils fiercely down and heat waves shimmer and dance far out across the green fields. The blue-overalled figure, knee-deep in the mountainous load rhythmically fills the hollows with great bunches of sun-baked clover. The rising dust turns the blue of his overalls to a softer grey. Small beads of perspiration trickle down his brown face and cut crooked paths through the clinging dust.

A gentle breeze comes from nowhere and sweeps across the loaded wagon. Farther on, it spins a whirlwind from the dust of a swaying cornfield. The figure on the wagon is hotter than before. A hawk, its feathers glinting in the sun, floats high above watching patiently for an unwary chicken.

"That's all!" comes a hail from below.

With straining muscles and hoofs digging deep into the warm earth, the horses plunge forward. The wide, flat wagon creaks and groans under its fragrant load. A yell from behind causes the plodding horses to half-stop and the driver to turn quickly his head. Silhouetted against the sky is a bright blue snake, hanging from the hay fork of one of the men remaining in the field.

Again the horses tug on. The wagon goes down a slope through an oozy, wet trickle. The broad rims of the wheels leave wide gashes in the green, wet earth. The clambering horses lurch up the gentle incline. Looming up ahead is the dazzling bright red of the new hay barn.

Night Sounds

Whip o' will! There it came again. It seemed weighted with sadness and perhaps loneliness. On the heels of the call there came a gentle rustling breeze, mischievously popping the window shades and fluttering the curtains. A staircase creaked and my heart thudded wildly in the silence. When it had gradually resumed its usual pace I knew that I was awake for good. In the distance, a dog howled mournfully at the moon and was answered by the clarion yelp of a nearby fox hound. The wild, clear

whinny of a colt calling its mother rang out from the corral. A sudden scurrying of a wood creature outside the window ended in a shrill, choked scream which meant that tragedy was abroad. A sudden rustling overhead and a soft "Kill-deer!" announced that wide awake birds were passing. Bong! The bed springs rattled and creaked from the force of my startled jerk. Bong! The old clock sounded muffled and slightly wheezy as would some elderly person with a touch of asthma. Somebody stirred restlessly in the next room, but gradually the quiet whistling of his breath became, once more, a sonorous roar. My own breath came at last slower and deeper, the bedclothes rustled as they rose and fell. Suddenly I heard no more; oblivion has no sounds.

A Barnyard at Milking Time

It is a hot, still, sultry evening after a long heat-drenched day. The cows are bawling back and forth across the lot to one another. Flies drone lazily past, with just a tinge of anger in their incessant buzz if they are disturbed from a particularly good resting place. With their hoofs, the cattle raise clouds of dust to protect themselves from the swarms of pests. One cow's tongue is rasping over the back of a day-old calf.

A tall figure in faded overalls and drooping straw hat appears with a spray-gun and an aluminum bucket. Soon the flies are banished. The first stream of milk rattles into an empty bucket and spatters the sides with tiny creamy-white drops. A cow looks reproachfully around at the noise but the steady whirr! whirr! of the milk does not stop. Gradually the rhythm of those singing white jets changes, and changes again, until the fast rising foam reaches the rim of the bucket. Soon cramped muscles are relaxed and the evening's milk is carried homeward.

Inside the Stable—At Night

The one hanging lamp encircled by a fly-specked cobwebby globe was the only light which showed up the great dusky interior of the stable. It threw out a mellow golden circle along the hallway and left the shadowy bulks in the background looming up more formidable than before. A slight breeze stirred the light slowly back and forth and the shadows advanced and retreated like ranks of trained soldiers. Beyond that wavering line, there rose the vague outline of stalls, topped by a mow burdened with clean, sweet-smelling hay. Somewhere a horse snorted, and another stomped in answer. Above the horses' heads, neat white lettering gleamed eerily through the darkness. Patchen, Nelle, Dina, Nan—stretched away to end in a blurred streak of whitish grey darkness. A lonely whinny of a colt came from the box stall in the corner. The rattle of a halter chain and cheerful low voiced nicker of an old friend came directly from ahead. A moment later, a velvety, black nose was poked across the stall front into the glimmering circle of light. The beams picked out the crooked white streak down his face and glistened in the deep-flecked brown eyes. From the pile of lettered burlap and yellow straw in the corner, the stable dog sauntered forth. He blinked as he came, gently shedding about him a faint musty odor, and indulging luxuriously in a wide-mouthed, tooth-showing yawn. The funny yellowish-white tufts on his ears stood up straighter than ever at his being so rudely disturbed, but the furious wagging of the stubby yellow tail belied his dark-eyed, indignant gaze. A cricket chirped soothingly away somewhere high up in the ancient rafters' gloom. In

the crib of corn at the side, several sleek grey rats popped their long bony tails and held a jubilee behind a rusty, dented bushel basket. Suddenly a light quick tread sounded outside and the heavily braced door screeched noisily open.

BRONZE MEDAL

NOHOW

By Elizabeth Combs

Lloyd Marshall walked through the shabby corridors of the Capital Hotel, inhaling the smoke from a hastily lighted cigarette. He saw George Bissel, with whom he had made an appointment, standing by one of the red plush chairs near the dining room door. Smiling, Marshall approached him with a casual "Hello." Then he glanced sharply about him, put his right hand into his coat pocket, and pulled the trigger of the revolver there twice. Bissel folded into the red plush chair.

By the time the few people who had been in the lobby to hear the shot had gotten up from their chairs and crowded close to the body, Marshall had walked to the door, thrown away his cigarette, and returned to watch proceedings with as avid an interest as the other onlookers. After the crowd had been dispersed by two sweating policemen, Marshall meandered slowly down the Great White Way eyeing fair ladies, shop windows, and traffic. His mind was, however, busy receiving impressions. During the dramatic moment of the killing he had noticed but one near by-stander—a hollow-chested, sad-eyed, little man. He could not have identified that little man, so it was logical to suppose that the little man could not recognize him.

He began then to construct his alibi. It was only necessary to return to his room by the fire-escape and then four persons would be willing to swear he had spent the night quietly in his room. But, and he shrugged his shoulders, his alibi would never be tested.

He took a subway to 85th and was hurried under Manhattan to a shabbily respectable street. He walked two blocks. It occurred to him as he reached the steps that he was being followed. He turned. There was a man behind him. Marshall grinned, for he had the reputation of being without "nerves" even among his shady friends, most of whom possessed little of this sensitiveness. Diving into the shadow he hastily climbed the fire-escape, entered his room through the window, put his hat and coat in the closet, and walked calmly downstairs rolling up his shirt-sleeves as he went. He had been absent from the living room only forty-five minutes; two boarders were still playing cribbage while a third idly flipped the pages of the *Cosmopolitan*.

In the morning the public were dutifully informed by the tabloids of "another audacious murder". No clews had as yet been found by the police.

"Did ja hear 'bout the murder up-town?" his landlady asked.

"Yep. Just reading about it", Marshall looked up from a morning paper.

"I don't see how they get away with it. Some one must see them."

"It's easy," Marshall said. "I could do it almost as good myself."

The landlady laughed doubtfully.

Two hours later he left the house. A man, hollow-chested, sad-eyed, was coming down the street. Marshall wheeled and rushed in the opposite direction.

Still he was not disturbed—until—his hand groped in his coat pocket for the cigarette case which was not

there. It was a new one; he had filched it from a man in Grand Central Station three days ago. It bore an odd inscription which was worthless to Marshall's sour eye, nevertheless he had kept it and now it was gone. Sitting in the trolley, his mind revolved crazily and the cigarette case gained enormous proportions. Had he carried it the night before? Then he laughed. It couldn't be used against him—it wasn't his. But, he remembered the little man too. It was not, of course, the same one.

At six he returned to Brooklyn. The landlady peered at him from the kitchen hallway. "Gentleman looking for you," she said. "Wonder you didn't see him as you came in."

Marshall had been calming himself for eight hours for that moment. "What did he want?"

"I couldn't say. He wouldn't tell. He didn't even know your name—just described you and said he'd be back later."

Marshall went walking. He walked over to the Battery and paced up and down the State Street Bridge until four o'clock. He stayed in his room until late the next day. Each time the doorbell rang, he looked out the window, carefully remaining invisible.

The fifth ring was made by the little man. He sent the landlady up with his card. Marshall was not in so the man left. Marshall watched him depart as he crouched quivering on the roof over the back porch.

He searched six times for the cigarette case. The seventh time he remembered the cigarette smoked in the lobby of the hotel. The case had been in the pocket with the gun. It had been lost when—Two, three days passed; Marshall had not slept for sixty-eight hours. And the little man came again. When the somber, stooped figure went through the gate, Marshall snapped his jaw shut, swore one dreadful oath, took a subway down to City Hall Park, entered a huge austere building, found a certain portly uniformed man, and began, "I'm Lloyd Marshall, name and finger prints on file. Dip and other rackets. Two months ago George Bissel started working my beat and so last Wednesday night I—"

The captain nodded and wondered why men sometimes came in and announced themselves as fodder for the electric chair.

It so happened that during the afternoon when the law was slowly closing the last chapter in the career of Lloyd Marshall, the little man gave up his pilgrimage. He held out the cigarette case to the landlady and said, "I found this the other night. It dropped from that man's pocket on the subway; he musta had a hole in it. I kind of wanted to see him because this here—" He tapped the inscription on the case, "is the emblem of my lodge. You see I been in New York three weeks knowin' nobody and when I picked this up, I says, 'I'll just follow this guy and introduce myself like.' Knowin' a member of the Grand Order of Caribous in New York sure would be pleasant. But you better take it, because—" his shoulders drooped pathetically, "it don't look like I was a-goin' to see him nohow."

HONORABLE MENTION

NATURE'S MOOD

By Annette Fleischbein

A Cold Night

It is in the dark and dreary month of December, and it is night. The whole atmosphere exhales a breath of cold air, which penetrates into the marrow of our bones. The wind sings around the corners with a clear shrill voice, and the icy branches of huge

trees crack and fall to the ground. The sky is dark and cold with only a few pale stars which accentuate the feeling of loneliness and desolation. Street lights shine through the night, and even they seem cold, for they cast shivering blue shadows on the heaps of snow. We are surrounded by thousands of glistening jewels, blue and clear cut but cold and hard. As we walk, the drifting snow blows in our faces, causing a wet, uncomfortable feeling; little particles find their way over our shoe tops. Our skirts are whipped about us; our hands and feet grow numb. Only the crunch, crunch of our footsteps comes through the clearness of the night. Once in a while there is the crisp snap of an icicle broken by the wind. The appealing sight of our warm and cozy home on the next corner is most assuredly a welcome one.

Spring

Here on this side of the hill I can see evidences of early Spring everywhere. At my feet, a tiny brook winds its way through bright, green grasses. Small sticks float like miniature boats in the sparkling water. Lazy snails ride up and down, clinging to bits of bark. At the slightest motion, water-bugs dart swiftly over the surface. On the moist banks grow yellow buttercups; dainty spring beauties peep from secluded nooks. Up above me, green leaves burst from fat buds. Birds hop from branch to branch, twittering an accompaniment to the tune of the brook. Cool breezes carry to me the sweet scent of moist soil, newly awakened. There in the distance the horizon meets the hill, and blue and green are brought together in artistic contrast.

Lake Superior at Night

Miles and miles of black water stretch far away, where in the distance, they meet the low and dark horizon. Lake Superior lies calm and quiet on a summer night. A cool breeze blows from over the water, providing a welcome refuge after a hot summer day. Far to the right, the city of Duluth, which lies on the slope of a hill, makes a gradation of lights, one row above the other. They shine so brightly through the darkness that the dim outlines of the buildings are nearly obscured and one sees a typical fairyland, but the winking lights are laughing, and we bring to a close a foolish dream. The moon's bright rays rest ever so lightly on the water, just tipping each wave and each protruding rock with a halo of light. Here and there a spark of phosphorescence adds to the beauty of it all. It is so great and quiet, so strange and wonderful, that one bows in humble reverence before the scene.

Spring Fever

Warm sunshine, soft and gentle rays, with a slow but willful power of deep penetration. Lazy breezes carrying the fragrance of blossoming flowers, that nod slowly, contentedly. Bright butterflies, singing birds, bees droning, humming—sleepily—incessantly.

Sea Sounds at Night

On a foggy night when the foaming sea is black and agitated, strange sounds come to terrify the timid traveler. One lies there, wide-eyed, scarcely breathing, anticipating something, but not knowing what. The old ship rises on the crest of a wave; the beams, the planks, the decks, even the walls screech and groan as if they were being torn to bits. But what is that? A large low moan, by far more weird, more inexplicable than any of the other queer noises. It is a warning, a message to others to beware—a fog horn! At last it stops. A short interval elapses; the silence is heavy

and deep, and inflicts a mental torture that is almost unbearable. Before long, however, the old ship begins to heave great sighs, one after another like mighty groans of a huge beast and down, down, down, it goes, until we come to rest in a pocket. High waves dash against the sides, and veritable rivers of foaming water run over the decks, then back into the seething mass. More silence ensues, broken by the intermittent slapping of the waves. There is another tense period of waiting in hazy expectancy of some increased evil, the timbers are silent, the great sea is quiet, then suddenly it occurs—that mysterious and uncanny wail of warning—the fog horn!

HONORABLE MENTION

PORTRAIT

By Barbara Hirsch

I was so gullible, and my brother had such an infinite imagination that I seldom could differentiate between his actual experiences and his supposed ones. He enjoyed the adoration of a worshipping "kid" sister who in her turn thought she was enjoying his confidence.

We were coming home from the grocery store; two "arms of the law" chugged by on spitting motorcycles.

"Duck! Quick! It's the coppers!" and Ollie slouched behind the wheel and looked the other way. "Mine not to reason why, mine but to do or die"; I ducked. The officers passed; I came up for air.

"Whatsa matter?"

"They got me last nite." This in pseudo-gangster dialect. He was all of fourteen.

"The cops?"

"Yeah!"

I dared not probe further. After a sufficiently impressive pause, "I thought we'd never get away—speeding! Fined fifty bucks!"

"Ollie!"

"Guess they're on our trail!"

"Who was with you?"

"Joe the Snake!"

"Who?"

"Oh, for gosh sakes, Joe Gregg!"

"What'd they do?"

"I told you once."

We turned into the driveway.

At bedtime I knelt to say my prayers, asking God to keep my brother out of jail. Mother became alarmed: "Why, what do you mean, dear?" Fearfully I recounted my secret, supplying readily my own details.

"There, there dear, maybe he was just fooling."

"But, mom, I'm his pal! He tells me everything. I betcha he has to go to jail—or something."

I was quieted and kissed; the lights were turned out, and I heard Mother's step on the stairs.

"Rudolph—", Father probably emitted a jet of grey-blue smoke, lowered the *Journal-Post*, and raised his eyebrows.

"Has Oliver—a—said anything to you? That is—I mean, a—have you talked to him?"

"Have I talked to him? Why—yes—I believe I told him to wash the car Saturday, and take it down to the garage to be alemted. Why?"

"But, I mean, had you heard anything about—a—speeding? His being arrested? You'd have been notified, wouldn't you? They'd have let you know right away?"

"Arrested? Speeding? What the Sam-Hill is that boy up to now? I've had about enough of his foolishness! What's up?"

The next morning Mother and Ollie and Dad had a little chat.

"But I tell ya I was just kidding! Can't she even take a joke? For gosh sakes!"

"You should know better than to tease her that way. You know she believes everything you say."

"Well, for gosh sakes, if she wasn't such a tattle-tale—"

In the other room my cheeks burned

We were walking to school; two motorcycle policemen were parked at the drugstore.

We looked at each other.

"Baby!"

"Bully!"

AT NIGHT

By Ruth Cooper

The instants after a sudden startling awake in the middle of the night magnify the stillness until it becomes heavy and powerful. Then comes the half-expected sound, the sharp, insistent bark of the terrier, ending in a whine that appeals to the hardened heart by its forlornness in the silence.

WHO SAID TIME HEALED?

By Marion Welch

You told me time would bring relief—not so!

Time merely makes the memories seem more clear.

I told you I was through, that you could go;

I little dreamed that I still held you dear,

That I should some day want you very near.

Today, because I miss you very much

The world outside seems to be not quite clear;

I miss the beauty of the flakes that touch

My window; then, like love, are gone. Of such

Intangible things are snow and dreams both made,

That time can banish them with just a touch.

Or print them so that they may never fade.

And Fate has deemed it wise that time wheel past,

And Death alone should bring relief at last.

FERRY BOAT

By Ingrid Aspegren

The moon was not out to separate the black wall ahead into water and sky. I strained my eyes. I must be the first to find the nine forty-five due to dock in twenty minutes. Oh! There she was, only a tiny warm glow in the center of a dark, indefinite mass. As I watched she grew larger, took form—an oval lying flat on the water—and the once single glow divided into separate squares of yellow light. What was that peculiar white streak always close behind the ferry? It fascinated me: this tail. Silly! Wake up! Of course, that was the beautiful phosphorescent glow Uncle told me appears in these southern salt waters. It is caused by jelly fish which when disturbed or forced to the surface of the water give off this intense, greenish-white light. Suddenly that moment, I once more caught a full view of the ferry boat, just in time to see it as a huge lightning bug illuminating, through its futile phosphorescent power too, the water, the air, the sky. Poor—helpless—bug.

"Quit your dreaming and hurry up, Maggie jerked my arm. I heard, "Last call! A-a-we a-bo'd." The chain clanked behind us.

Read the Linden Bark.

FORT GARLAND, COLORADO

By Lucille Meinholtz

Old Fort Garland seethes under the mid-day sun. The low adobe buildings, baked and peeled, now sit in despondency in that glare. Their dirty windows, outlined in blue, throw back the brilliance—a veritable furnace. Small whirlwinds of dust and tumble weeds skip along the only street. The general store displays in its filthy windows bags of grain, soiled aprons, a faded red bandana, a multitude of well-populated fly-papers. The only sound is the squeaky yipe-yipe of prairie dogs sitting boldly on their haunches. A smudged Mexican child peers through his matted black hair at a sagging wagon and bony grey horse.

Stage-Managing The Unique Job of Miss Macy

By Sue Taylor

Job-hunting seniors and ambitious freshmen may be delighted to know that there is yet another professional field open to women—the art of stage-managing. Of course, this field, as well as many another, is practically closed during the present financial crisis.

Miss Gertrude Macy, who has the distinction of being one of the few women stage managers in the theater world, assured the writer of this fact. "There are", she said, tilting her chin on her fore-finger in a most fascinating manner, "ten people for every one job in the theater on Broadway, today." Seeing the look of utter despair on her interviewer's countenance, she continued gleefully: "I'm afraid to advise anyone to try breaking into this profession!"

Aside from this pessimistic statement, which was made bearable only by the manner in which it was said, Miss Gertrude Macy, stage manager for Katharine Cornell's play, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, seemed encouraging. "It's a very interesting job", she said.

The interviewer, quite willing to let this statement go unchallenged, made the comment that in her experience she had found stage-managing extraordinarily exciting. Miss Macy, trying hard not to look amused, answered that it certainly had its moments. She referred particularly to a time when upon arriving at a distant city, she discovered that the carpet of the Barrett's living-room floor had been left in Boston. Another great moment she remembers was during the crucial scene wherein "Ba" asks for a certain letter which was supposed to be on the stage—and wasn't. Luckily enough, Katharine Cornell, being the actress that she is, ad libbed until the absent letter was recovered.

When asked about the respective merits of women and men as stage managers, Miss Macy tilted her chin a little higher on her finger, and said: "Women are much more likely to see that everything is in its place, and that things are just right. Men, of course, can manage the stage hands a little better."

Miss Macy did not enter the field of stage-managing by a direct route. She began as Miss Cornell's secretary. Later she became assistant manager "purely by luck during the illness of the assistant." This job, according to Miss Macy, is nothing but an errand boy's job. "You carry things around, you go places, you call actors," she said in a tone implying "wotta life!" After this apprenticeship she became manager. She has now been with Miss Cornell for the duration of three plays.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

"Long Live The King"

May He ever reign supreme

One by one the queens of the campus have reigned—the Hallowe'en Queen, the Popularity Queen, and now our Queen of the May is holding sway over her Lindenwood Court. But does it seem strange we never hear of our "King of the Campus"? Yes, we have one and he continues to hold his "high office" during all seasons of the year, even remaining to keep a vigil o'er his Lindenwood domain in the summer months; in fact from spring to late fall he makes his most auspicious and portly appearance.

For a number of years now this "King of the Campus" has reigned supreme with no usurpers or pretenders to his throne, for the grandeur of his appearance inspires a feeling of omnipotence. Some negligence in the "court" records fail to tell us just the date he assumed his kingship, but it was approximately four years ago.

Preceding him the King of Lindenwood's campus was famed for miles around for his unusual size and importance on the campus. But despite all efforts to save his life by surgeons, his body succumbed to decay, and in all his glory he fell, his grand old life of perhaps 200 years suddenly cut off. Perhaps a portion of his body still rests in state in the museum.

Now while this great king was in his heights, our present king of the campus was growing into fine stature and breadth until today he reigns supreme, by dint of his height of about seventy feet, and his circumference of fifteen and three quarters feet.

One may always find this King at home (he has no office hours) on the campus just west of Eastlick Hall where his huge roots are firmly planted in a royal carpet of green. At a distance he is surrounded by courtiers of all kinds who seem insignificant subjects by contrast. His huge branches extend their shadows for a radius of about fifty feet and in the heat of the day his shelter from the sun's rays is complete.

Our "King of the Campus" appears to be meticulously groomed in his royal robes of green and judging from his sturdy body, his majesty will continue to rule for a number of years before he is followed in line of kingship by another member of his family, the Elm.

carries all its own props, including lights. It has a permanent stage crew of three, and annexes local talent whenever needed. The play has already travelled half way across the continent, starting from New York and stopping in Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, and St. Louis. Next week they will be in Kansas City. They will conclude the season in Los Angeles.

Miss Macy intends to spend the summer at her home in California. At present, she assured the writer, she hasn't thought about attending the Olympic Games. But if any reader of this article attends the games and happens to see a trim, distinguished-looking, brown eyed girl sitting along the sidelines, with her dark head tilted back on a slim fore-finger, be sure to look twice. It will be Miss Gertrude Macy.

Miss Clement plans to go to Chautauqua, Illinois, her home, early in June. She will spend several weeks there. Although her plans for the later part of the summer are as yet uncertain, she says she hopes to visit New England.

Read the Linden Bark.

Is Parting Really Such Sweet Sorrow?

By G. C.

Tuesday, May 17:

Life is just one great big rehearsal after another. Shakespeare wasn't so far wrong at that, when he said something about "All the world's a stage." I wonder what would happen to a senior who double-cut a class the last week of school? Providing that it was unintentional, of course—whatever it is, I hope it doesn't happen. I feel like Lady Macbeth must have when she insisted on walking in her sleep and saying, "To bed, to bed!" There's no knocking on the gate as far as I can determine, but I'm practically walking in my sleep.

Wednesday, May 18:

I hate Wednesdays! They come right in the middle of the week, and it's too late to be early, and too early to be late. I finally dragged enough words out of my unconscious self to get another term paper presentable. I thought it was pretty good when I wrote it, but I'm beginning to have my doubts about it now. I have a question for Belinda: why does your Senior year have to be your last year in school?

Thursday, May 19:

Such a nice chapel—I see two budding geni (playwrights) in dear old L. C. now. Wonder if someday I can say, "Why, I knew her when I went to collitch." I'm going to get to that class this afternoon—one scare like that a week is enough. I have the funniest feeling—the last Bark went to print today—I'm not sure that I care for the sensation at all. I wonder if anyone could judge from this that I'm a Senior? I must remember not to get sentimental. If I can just keep remembering.

Friday, May 20:

I feel like Queen Elizabeth! Just got back from visiting a costume house in the city—but, maybe it should be Henry VIII I feel like. I was forgetting I have a male part in the Commencement play. Anyway, I'm a feminist. A week from today I probably won't be so happy. Finals give me such an inferior feeling. The point is, I don't think I'm very happy now.

Saturday, May 21:

I'm a social success. The luncheon given the seniors by Dr. and Mrs. Roemer goes completely beyond any descriptive words. I'd be a little happier yet if I didn't have one more paper to get in before I'm sure they've spelled my name correctly on that piece of something they call a sheepskin.

Sunday, May 22:

Do you know that Sunday after next will be Baccalaureate?

Monday, May 23:

If I could sing I'd try to do "Mood Indigo." Monday's are supposed to be blue, aren't they? I have a weakness for this one though—it was a nice week-end.

Tuesday, May 24:

I think I'll stop keeping diary for this year—I always get so sentimental—I can't seem to remember not to. Two more days of school, and I'll be a Bachelor. That's a laugh.....an old maid wouldn't be so improbable; in fact I think I'd like it—cats always did fascinate me—four legged ones, that is. Well, the administration tries to tell me it's the beginning, and personally I feel as if it were the end—well, maybe it's the beginning of the end—that's a compromise, isn't it? Au revoir! It's been much fun. That funny little splotch is a tear.

Read the Linden Bark.

Graduation Recital

Ruth Martin read "A Kiss for Cinderella", superbly.

Ruth Martin delivered her graduation recital in Roemer Auditorium, Friday night, May 13. Ruth read a well-known Barrie play entitled, "A Kiss for Cinderella." With her usual stage presence and poise Ruth presented the many characters in their different parts. The characterizations were very well-done. Ruth is to be complimented upon her tone quality and enunciation. The plot of the play dealt with the pathetic and child-like life of a London waif who believed herself Cinderella. She lived so long in the realm of make-believe and imagination for the sake of the children whom she was taking care of during the war times that she actually awaited the arrival of the fairy god-mother and prince charming. One night as she sat upon the sidewalk awaiting the god-mother she was severely exposed and in her delirium thought she had reached the long-wished for ball. She awakened in a hospital, where, in spite of the care given her, her condition was hopeless. A policeman who had been charmed by her manner, however, made her remaining days superb by presenting her with a pair of glass slippers.

It was with sympathetic understanding of the characters that Ruth dramatized the appealing play. She was attractively gowned in a blue net evening dress, and wore on her shoulder a corsage of sweet-heart roses and orchids.

Greetings To Linden- wood From Kansas City

In the Wednesday morning chapel, May 18, Dr. Roemer brought greetings from the Kansas City Lindenwood Club, when he attended the twenty-first anniversary of this organization. There were many guests from surrounding places, and many prospective Lindenwood students were also present.

Dr. Case in the chapel address quoted paragraphs from the prophet Amos, called the theophenies, parenthetical statements where he characterizes God. These characterizations of God were put in because God to the prophet Amos was a great God, and because of this greatness, heavy requirements rested on the people. This message was based on what Amos knew God to be. A vital religion for an individual rests upon this same fact—what God means to the individual. The question "What is God?" is before the people today, and to have a vital religion, an individual must think through that question.

There's A Reason, Say The Flowers

The new Roman Tatler is up, presenting a beautifully colored "flower face" to the public. Its theme is on the various plants and trees and how they came to be named. Did you know that lilacs were a sign of Apollo's love and eternal regret for the death of his friend Hyacinthus, caused by his attempting to retrieve the discus, thrown by Apollo, which struck him? Or that the Narcissus received its name from a youth who was filled with self conceit, who fell in love with his reflection in a pool, and pined away for want of it? This flower blooms by the water's side and always seems to be looking at itself. Or that the Iris was named from Iris, the lovely goddess of the rainbow? Look at the new Roman Tatler and find your favorite flower and the "why" about it.

ON CAMPUS

Mutterings over room-drawing..... Comparison of examination schedules..... People lugging mysterious looking packages to the Post Office to be mailed home..... Everyone taking pictures of things they intended to "get" all year, such as the sun dial and the Iris-lined walk in back of Butler..... Plans for Summer vacations being completed with much..... "And then after you come to see us" on the part of the Freshmen, and a great deal of "We could buy a pretty good car for fifty dollars apiece" on the part of the Upperclassmen..... Picnics and steak fries in evidence..... The general hustle and bustle of an ant colony about to move on..... That's the Campus this week.

Lindenwood Is Hostess

Entertainment in Chapel.

Last Thursday, May 19, Lindenwood was hostess to the Education department of the eighth district of the Federation of Women's Clubs of Missouri. Mrs. Arthur Krueger, a graduate of Lindenwood, is chairman of this department, and led the discussion at their meeting. At the eleven o'clock assembly the Dramatic Art Class presented a program which consisted of four one-act plays.

Two of these plays were the compositions of students. Margaret Jean Widhoit wrote "The Tables Turned", the cast of which included Catherine Williams, Margaret Rossy, and Virginia Sterling.

The second original play was the work of Virginia Sterling. It was entitled, "The Little Green God." Those in the cast included Margaret Ethel Moore, Julia Booth, Mildred Sherman, Margaret Jean Wilhoit, Marjorie Taylor, Margaret Rossy and Dorothy Holcomb.

"An On a Summer's Day" by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements was an amusing play. Virginia Sterling, Mildred Sherman, Margaret Ethel Moore, and Ruth Martin took parts in it. The last play was "Love In a French Kitchen" by Colin Clements and John Monk Saunders. The cast included Ruth Martin, Dorothy Winter, and Catherine Williams. The members of the Federation were also guests of the college for luncheon, and a part of the afternoon.

Pi Alpha Delta Tea

Pi Alpha Delta entertained in the club rooms of the library on Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock. A most delightful tea was served and the entertainment was most individual as well as interesting.

Alice Denton, accompanied most capably by Millicent Mueller, sang several lovely numbers. Gretchen Hunker read "Buying Culture." Albertina Flach also rendered some very beautiful piano numbers.

After the entertainment, strawberry short-cake, coffee, nuts, and mints were served to the fifty guests by the members.

When "Shing" was first questioned as to her plans for the summer she said, "My plans? I'll sit on a chair at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McKeehan, flip a nickel into the air and try to decide what to buy with it that will last more than a day." Then more seriously she said, "Well, I'll tell you. Ginnie Baker, Mirnie Runnenberger, Bip Green and I plan to drive out to Mansfield, Ohio, the first part of August and visit Marie Schmutzler for a while."

BETTER ASK BELINDA

Belinda wishes every one a happy summer, and she will miss your letters ever so much.

Dear Belinda,

I am having the worst time. Ever since the prom all of my friends have been acting queer and kidding me about my abstracted actions that night. I did have a cute date, but he embarrassed me terribly by holding my hand right in front of the Dean. My friends have adopted a new name for me, S. A. What can I do to redeem myself?

Lois.

Dear Lois,

I don't know exactly what to advise you to do, but one thing that I might suggest is that you act as if you are enjoying yourself while your friends are treating you in the manner you describe. Perhaps you do enjoy it, and if so, it won't be so hard for you to act this way. This might stop them at any rate. If you have been acting this way, and they have kept right on, you might pretend that their taunts are driving you crazy. Assume some very queer actions, go about mumbling, and every once in a while let out a yelping screech. This should worry them and perhaps they will stop. I hope I've helped you.

Belinda.

Daer Belinda,

I have a cold in my head, blisters on my feet, a terrible hangnail, and while walking along the other day I stumbled and fell, skinning both my knees. I really don't feel very well, and I wonder if you could help me plan my summer so I will be in fit condition when school starts in the fall.

Eva.

Dear Eva,

Your cold might be T. B. and that would necessitate or at least advocate your going to Arizona. The dryness of Arizona might also help your blisters, but it's hot there so that it might cause more blisters, so for that I would advise your going to some cool place in the mountains. Your skinned knees should eventually heal up if you aren't too abnormal. Your summer depends upon what part of yourself you want cured first. Come again.

Belinda.

Dear Belinda,

I am terribly worried. All of my four years up here I have maintained my dignity and have never allowed my friends to think that I am emotional. What I am worried about now is that after all these years, I might cry at the end of this year.

A Senior.

Dear A Senior,

Of course, it must be terrible to think of having to break your dignified pose, but don't you think that now, at the end of this year, would be the opportune time for you to cry? Your friends will all feel honored that you should break down and cry when leaving them, after all other things have never bothered you.

Belinda.

WONDER WHY?

We never appreciate the Seniors, as much as we should, until the close of school—one sees so much multi-colored crepe paper lately—Chinese do such intricate dances—ice-cream melts—a certain party is seen looking at a certain ring on her left hand so often—"Paradise" is so popular—There is such a thing as graduation—we all love summer—some people are obliged to boil in oil before they sunburn—exams are such a burden—work piles up so at the close of school—Wonder why?

Practice-Teachers In The City Schools

Lincoln and Jefferson Schools and the High School are a few of the schools that are profiting by Lindenwood practice-teachers. New ideas and methods are oftentimes introduced by these girls from which there is much benefit derived.

Lucille Miller is presiding as instructor to the third grade in Arithmetic and Reading. Reading is a subject in which dramatization can be practiced very nicely and lately Lucille has been stressing this phase. The pupils first read through the story and give the action, then they are chosen to take parts, and Lucille says that no doubt there are future John and Ethel Barrymores in her group. Silent Reading is practiced along with the other. She finds this method to be very motivating. In Arithmetic the Lennes practice sheets are used as regular work. These are objective tests, and are popular among the pupils.

Lucille Chappel has charge of Fifth grade English, History and Health. In English, pupils have been studying Parliamentary Procedure. They have actual elections of officers, and minutes are taken in order to derive practical experience in this form of procedure. Whenever possible, this knowledge is carried over into other subjects. In the study of Health, the pupils make posters to emphasize the various health habits, as good posture, proper food, care of the body, and beneficial exercises.

Marjorie Wycoff is teaching at the Jefferson School which comprises the Grades of the Junior High Division. For twelve weeks, she taught Literature in the Eighth grade. Now she is observing Eighth grade History and Seventh grade Geography. Along with that, she acts as sponsor to the Seventh grade English club. They have a Parliamentary form of procedure and programs are given in which pupils recite poems, dialogues, and experiences. This seems to be very popular among the members and it gives practical experience in memory work, stage presence, and dramatic ability.

Mary Louise Bowles has been doing statistical work for Mr. Ford at the High School in connection with her Educational Research course. A series of tests were given in 1929, 1930, 1931, and she graded all these, assigned the IQ's, and arranged them on a tabulation sheet. From this data, she has arranged the pupils in the order of their intelligence.

Lindenwood, and especially the Education Department, is very grateful for the way in which the St. Charles Public Schools have cooperated with the practice-teachers. Those who have aided in this plan, and that with success are Mr. Stephen Blackhurst, Superintendent of Public Schools; Mr. Ray Ford, Principal of the High School; Miss Estelle Pfaff, Principal of Lincoln School; Miss Katherine Lemon, Principal of Jefferson Street School; and Miss Theo McDearmon, Principal of Benton School. The teaching staffs of these schools should be also extended a vote of thanks for their cooperation.

Jane Tobin entertained at a dinner last Thursday evening in the Home Economics Suite. Her guests were Mrs. Roberts, Miss Lear and Neva Hodges. Her table was decorated with daisies very artistically arranged.

Jane had a lovely dinner; the menu consisted of stuffed cutlets, new French peas, buttered carrots, lemon jello salad, rolls and butter with apple pie and coffee for dessert.

Miss Anderson was present and Kitty Irwin acted as host for Jane.

Last Music Recital To Be This Afternoon

Nancy Elizabeth Watson, pianist, assisted by Alice Denton and Allie Mae Bornman, who will accompany Alice, will present her diploma recital this afternoon at 4:45 in Roemer Auditorium. The first group of piano numbers will be comprised of "Prelude and Fugue, D minor" by Bach, and "Sonata, Op. 14, No. 1, E major" by Beethoven. Alice will then sing "Vissi D'Arte, Vissi D'Amore" (Tosca) by Puccini; "To Be Sung on the Water" by Schubert; "Do Not Go, My Love" by Hageman; "Remember" by Crist, and "Wake Up!" by Phillips.

The program will be concluded with three numbers by Nancy: "In the Spanish Mode" by Corday; "Old Vienna" by Godowsky; and "Chant Polonaise (My Joys)" by Chopin-Liszt. Although Lindenwood music lovers regret the fact that this is the last recital of the year, they look forward to such a delightful program with a great deal of pleasure.

(Continued from page 1, Col. 1)

of her venerable fathers for the return of her lost betrother. So there was decreed a great festival, and in the temple of the great God Joss the people sang and danced. As the ceremony was drawing to a close a strange warrior with his great retinue of richly clad followers entered to pray. As he advanced toward the shrine, amid the crowd of dancers he held up the ancestral headdress placed so many years before upon the brow of his betrothed. He hastened to the little princess and joyfully embraced her. She could hardly believe that her lover had returned, but with a prayer of thanksgiving to the all-powerful gods she led the warrior to the Emperor. Then was there joy throughout the land and many were the songs in praise of the mighty. In his wonderings the warrior had conquered Java and in his hand was the lovely Javanese princess and her hand-maidens. In her turn she was called upon and as she danced her necklace slipped from her throat. When it was brought before the Emperor his face grew pale, for he recognized the jade necklace of the youngest daughter. With overwhelming joy the Princess was welcomed to her lost home. Thus was the lovely flower, the Princess Der Ling returned to the temple of her fathers. The mighty Ch'ing, prince of the adjoining province and guest at the court, entranced by the loveliness of the fair maid, with solemn protestations, asked her hand in marriage. This treasure he was granted and beneath the temple of their ancestors the sister princesses were wed.

Dances in the order of their appearance:

Betrothal Ceremony.

Pantomime — Emperor, Empress, General and Sisters.

1. Coolie Dance, Pantomime.
2. Chinese Lullaby—Voice Solo—Alice Denton.
3. General Gnai Bong Ping Dances—Helen Everett.
4. Chinese Doll Dance—Der Ling—Harriette Anne Gray.
5. Golden Phoenix Dance—Li Ling—Bessie Roddie.
6. Hari-Sami Dance—Roun Ling—Virginia Sterling.
7. Kite Dance.
8. Satsuma Vases—Catherine Marsh, Dorothy Peterson.
9. Golden Chopstick Dance.
10. Back-Scratcher Dance.
11. Parasol Dance.
12. Bamboo Peasant Basket Dance.
13. "The Pinwheel"—Frances Eth-

Costumes Seen at The Junior-Senior Prom

Would that Molyneux or some other prominent Paris designer had been at the prom held by the Seniors, on the night of May 14, in the garden of the lovely Colonial home! He or any other designer would have been delighted to see the lovely Paris creations . . . perhaps they would have gotten some ideas from them.

Mrs. Roemer looked lovely in a figured chiffon dress of azure and rose. Dr. Gregg, the sponsor of the junior class wore a lovely dress of blue chiffon. Dr. Gipson chose a figured chiffon in pastel shades. Miss Gordon, the sponsor of the senior class, chose pink as the color for her lovely lace dress.

The officers of both the junior and senior classes were becomingly dressed. Elizabeth England, president of the junior class, chose a peach net; Lillian Nitcher, vice-president wore pink lace; Jane Bagnell, secretary, had a pink lace creation; and Gretchen Hunker, treasurer, appeared in a lovely dress of yellow and green.

The sedate seniors graced the dance floor as they have graced the campus all year. Lois McKeehan looked lovely in an eggshell satin; Elizabeth French, the sophisticated senior, chose clinging black satin; and Laura Hauck, a sweet dress of white trimmed in blue.

Space will not allow the Society editor to go to any superlatives about each member of the class but even the guests remarked . . . some who were not "one and onlys" either . . . that they never had seen such a lovely party including the decorations and general appearance, which will of course include the dresses of the girls. Margaret Rossy was gowned in white satin, and Gladys Crutchfield, a very prominent member of the senior class, was becomingly dressed in pale pink. Anna Louise Kelley chose white lace to grace the garden.

The main colors were the lovely pastel shades which blended in very well with the spring decorations.

elyn Pedler.

INTERLUDE

Chrysanthemum Ballet, Toe Ballet
Classique

1. Canary Yellow Chrysanthemums—Group.
2. Old Gold Chrysanthemums—Hester Day, Gilda Ashby, Helen Edmiston, Bessie Roddie.
3. Tangerine Chrysanthemums—Dorothy Hope Miller, Virginia Sterling.
4. Mandarin Orange Chrysanthemums—Harriette Anne Gray.
5. Jade—Frances Ethelyn Pedler.

TEMPLE SCENE—CHINESE JOSS HOUSE

Pantomime.

1. On a Chinese Honeymoon—Voice Solo—Jane Warner.
2. Maids of the Peony Lanterns.
3. Bearers of Incense.
4. Japanese Prayer Plastique—Alyme—Dorothy Hope Miller.
5. Moniji Gari Fan Dance.
7. Chinese Love Lanterns.
8. The three Fire-crackers.
9. The Honorable Fan Dance.
10. Chink Balloon Dance.
11. The Golden Lutes.
12. Chinese Dragon Dance. Mask Pantomime.
13. Sword Bearers of the Royal Court.
14. Spear Dance.
15. Javanese Princess Dance—Harriette Anne Gray.
17. Pantomime.
18. Prince Ch'ing Dance—Gilda Ashby.
19. Otoy Twins Dance—Helen Park, Ruth Griesz.

Virginia Krome Wins Recognition

Curator of Historical Society
writes praise.

Lindenwood's student body is made up of many outstanding individuals, who have distinguished themselves along different lines. Virginia Krome, of Wright City, Mo., a member of the Freshman Class, has certainly placed herself in this category. Virginia has recently completed a paper on "The History of Wright City" which has been praised highly as an excellent piece of research work.

Virginia has traced the history of her home town from the building of Kennedy Fort, in 1811, located one and one-half miles southeast of the present location of Wright City, to the period of its existence a little past the Civil War in 1874.

The paper was originally written for a term theme, but because of the material which she was able to procure, it far exceeded its original purpose. Virginia spent two months gathering data, returning to her home every week-end to interview the older residents of Wright City. They were able to tell her many interesting anecdotes about the town and referred her to other individuals who might supply her with additional information. Two of the individuals whom Virginia interviewed were negroes, one 88 years old, the other 98. In all, she interviewed fifteen people in gathering her material.

The paper takes up the different aspects of the town. She tells of the first settlers and owners of the first homes, the first blacksmith shop, the first hotel, and the first church. Virginia said there was somewhat of a disagreement concerning the identity of the first church, two individuals naming the Baptist as first and two individuals upholding the Methodist. However, the latter was finally determined upon.

Wright City is named for Henry Cleggett Wright, M. D., who sold the lots on which the original town was built. Virginia traces the Wright family as far as possible, and vividly describes the old Wright homestead.

In addition to personal interviews with people, Virginia had the original map of Wright City for her work. It is owned by a resident of Wright City, a grand-niece of Dr. Wright, who now resides in the old Wright homestead. Virginia used as illustrations twenty-two snapshots, taken by herself, of the historical places in Wright City, as well as a reproduction of Dr. and Mrs. Wright, taken from the only pictures of them in existence.

As a tribute to the excellent work Virginia has done on this paper, a letter written her by Mrs. N. H. Beaugard, archivist and curator of the Missouri Historical Society, at the Jefferson Memorial, St. Louis, is quoted:

"Please allow me to congratulate you on your excellent paper, entitled 'The History of Wright City', a copy of which, through the courtesy of Dr. Gregg, we have received for our archives.

"You must have done a great deal of research to have compiled so finished a history with the interesting pictures enhancing its value."

20. Chinese Mask Grotesque—Frances Ethelyn Pedler.

CHINESE DOUBLE WEDDING CEREMONY

Pantomime.
Geisha Girls.
Daughters of Samurai.
Wedding.
Recessional.

COLLEGE CALENDAR

Tuesday, May 24:
 4:45 P. M.—Music recital by Nancy Watson, assisted by Alice Denton, in Roemer Auditorium.
Friday, May 27:
 Examinations begin.
Saturday, June 4:
 Morning, Class Day; Afternoon, Pageant; 8 P. M., the Commencement Play.
Sunday, June 5:
 3 P. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Dr. Russell Paynter, pastor Memorial Presbyterian Church, St. Louis.
 6:30 P. M.—Choir concert.
Monday, June 6:
 10:00 A. M.—Commencement Address, Dr. John W. MacIvor, President of Lindenwood's Board of Directors.

Sidelights of Society

Dr. Roemer was guest of honor at a luncheon in honor of the Kansas City Lindenwood Club's twenty-fifth birthday on Tuesday, May 17, at the Blue Hills Country Club in Kansas City. There was a large attendance of members and guests from in and near Kansas City, who are always ready to hear and see more of Lindenwood and their associations there.

On Saturday, May 21, Dr. and Mrs. Roemer entertained the Senior class at a most delicious luncheon at the Missouri Athletic Club at one o'clock. This was the last class gathering of these girls before their graduation, and the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Roemer made it one long to be remembered.

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer have not made any definite plans for the summer vacation as yet, but we are sure that these will be interesting and enjoyable when they have been made complete.

Dr. Gipson will spend her summer in the West. As soon as she can complete her work at Lindenwood she is to attend a family reunion in Caldwell, Idaho. Her brothers and sisters, seven in all, will be there. This will be the first reunion they have had since a few years following the War. One of her brothers, who is a professor of History at Lehigh University and another who is in Denver will come as soon as they have completed their work in their respective places. The reunion will last several days and the remainder of the summer Dr. Gipson plans to visit friends in different parts of the West, but will not go East at all.

Dr. Terhune has made no definite plans for the summer. She is going home to New Albany, Indiana, to spend the month of June with her brother who has recently won the Austro-American Fellowship and will sail for Vienna the last of June. He is now Professor at Center College and will go on a leave of absence from the college. After this Dr. Terhune will "map out" her vacation.

Dr. Evers will spend her vacation in St. Charles with her sister.

Miss Hankins expects to spend the summer months at her home in Webster Groves. She is planning to study either at St. Louis U. or Washington.

Miss Rutherford will go East as soon as school is dismissed. She will visit with friends in Baltimore and Boston, and spend several days at the Marine Biological Station at Wood's Hole. She will be at her home in Oakland, Illinois, for the later part of the summer.

Miss Karr intends to spend part of her time this summer at the University of Chicago. Later she will go to her home in Indianola, Iowa.

Miss Lear has not made her plans for the summer months. She will be at her home in Madison, Missouri, until August. She may travel westward to the Pacific coast for the remainder of her vacation.

Dr. Dewey intends to spend a month of recreation at a lake-side cottage near Eau Claire, Wisconsin. Then he will go to the University of Iowa for a time, after which he will be in St. Charles.

Miss Jahn will go to Columbus, Ohio, as soon as school is out, to be awarded her Doctor's Degree, June 14. She will remain in Columbus for some time in order to get her Dissertation published. The plans for the rest of her vacation are not definite.

Dr. Linneman, head of the art department, has not decided definitely how she will spend the summer but she will take some short trips and do some sketching. Much of her time will be spent in her beautiful flower garden at her home on Jefferson street.

Miss Cracraft will go to New York City where she will attend Columbia University and do graduate work in speech. She will take private lessons at the Feagin School of Dramatic Art. Miss Cracraft also will attend a private studio in Greenwich Village where she will take up the study of puppets and plays.

Mrs. Wenger will divide her time this vacation among her family, different members of which live in New York, Chicago, and Cairo, Illinois.

Mrs. Roberts will spend all summer in Atlanta, Georgia, the guest of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Sturgiss. Mrs. Sturgiss and her small daughter, Betty Ann, are driving up to attend Commencement, and Mrs. Roberts will accompany them home.

Mrs. LeMaster is going to spend her summer visiting her two daughters one of whom lives in Kansas City and the other in Econville, and her sister, who lives in Oledo, Illinois.

Miss Blackwell will spend her summer at her home in Hopkinsville, Kentucky.

Miss Hough will spend the summer vacation at her home in Morgantown, West Virginia. She hopes to visit relatives later on in the summer.

Dr. Tupper has a very full, but extremely interesting, summer planned. Part of the time she will be in Washington working on her book "American Sentiment Toward Japan," for a while she will be in New York City, and the rest of her vacation will be spent in the New England states and in New Brunswick, Canada.

Last Tuesday a group of girls from the East St. Louis High School visited Lindenwood, and seemed very favorably impressed by it. They are members of the June graduating class and a number of them are considering entrance into Lindenwood next September.

Concerning the summer vacation of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. Thomas states that at present their plans are indefinite, with several very interesting prospects.

The other members of the music faculty also seem indefinite about va-

cation plans, although there many interesting things under consideration.

Miss Mitchell will spend her vacation working on her dissertation on Colonial Agents of British North America, Prior to 1867. She will spend the most of her time looking over the Public Archives of Canada in Ottawa.

After school is out Miss Kolstedt will drive to her home in Philadelphia. She has not made any definite plans as to how she will spend her summer.

Miss Eggman will return to her home in Belleville, Illinois, after school is over. She has no plans for the summer.

Dr. Case expects to attend the Presbyterian Young People's Conference at Arcadia, Missouri, during the latter part of June. The rest of the summer will be spent in Minnesota.

Miss Stumberg will pursue her studies at the University of Chicago during the summer months.

Dr. Gregg will work in the History Societies of Kansas and Missouri, and visit county seats. If the weather becomes too warm she intends to visit the western coast to work in the Bancroft and Huntington libraries.

Miss Parker plans to attend summer school during the vacation months, but has as yet made no definite arrangements for the particular school.

Miss Dawson has made no plans for her vacation as yet, other than that she expects to spend the summer months as profitably as possible.

Miss Gordon, when interviewed on the subject of her summer vacation, stated emphatically that her main object was to "go some place as soon as possible."

Miss Jeck will depart for Chicago to visit her sister there, immediately after school is out. She will later go to other parts of Illinois to visit relatives.

Miss Stookey, head of the physical education department, has not decided upon her plans for the summer vacation.

Miss Reichert plans to travel through the south for the early part of the summer, going especially to New Orleans and Florida, and then on up to her home in New York.

Miss Wurster plans to attend summer school at Chicago University this year, as she did last year and the one before.

Mrs. Jennings, her husband, and their two sons are going to live in Chicago this summer, while Mr. Jennings attends Chicago University where he will work on his doctor's degree. Their apartment is near the lake, and Jamie and Paul will probably be in the water so much that they will be brown as berries. Mrs. Jennings says, "I'm going to rest this summer. Oh, of course, I'll read a good many German and French books, and I intend to write a little, and I'm going to begin teaching ten-year-old Jamie French, but that will all be enjoyable and not classed as work."

Miss Allyn of the Commercial Department has not made any definite plans as to the summer vacation. She does, however, plan on doing some

studying and later on perhaps will go to Chicago with her mother.

Miss Morris will spend her vacation in Chicago, and will study a part of the time at Chicago University.

Dr. Ennis has not made definite plans for her summer. She may attend Cornell University for part of the summer, and the remainder of the time she will be in Petersburg, Ill.

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STRAND THEATRE

TONIGHT and WEDNESDAY

Sinclair Lewis' Story

"ARROWSMITH"

with Ronald Colman—Helen Hayes

THURSDAY

"NIGHT BEAT"

with Patsy Ruth Miller—Jack Mulhall

FRIDAY NIGHT—SAT. MATINEE

Ramon Novarro—Madge Evans

in

"HUDDLE"

SATURDAY NIGHT

Robert Montgomery in
 "LOVERS COURAGEOUS"